

THREE ZEPPELINS IN RAID ON NORTH EASTERN COUNTIES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

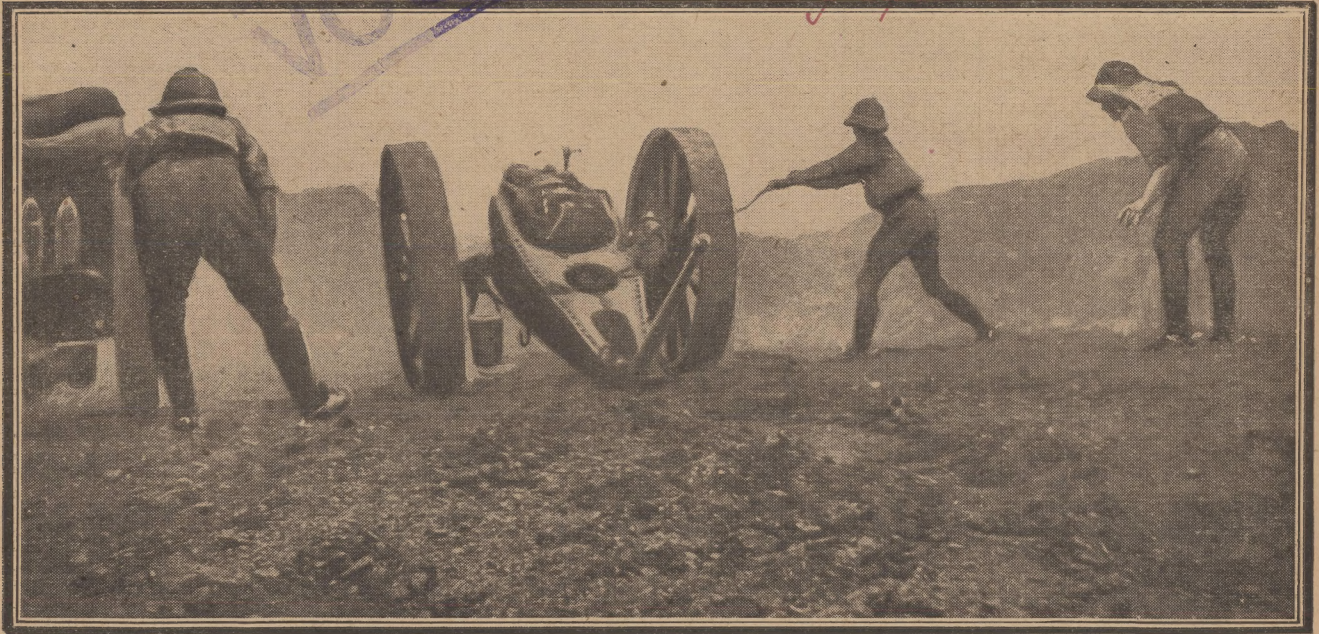
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FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916

One Halfpenny.

BATTERING A WAY THROUGH TO GENERAL TOWNSHEND:
ARTILLERY IN ACTION NEAR KUT-EL-AMARA.



Excellent news comes from Mesopotamia, where the Tigris corps has attacked and carried the enemy's entrenched position at Umm-el-Hannah. This position was attacked on January 21, but General Aylmer was unable to dislodge the Turks, and had to fall back

on the Wadi position. This photograph shows a big British gun in action. General Sir John Nixon's dispatch, published yesterday, tells of the intense heat which prevailed in March, and the gunners, it will be seen, are wearing sun helmets.

FRENCH HERO CARRIED ON TO THE PARADE GROUND TO RECEIVE HIS MEDAL.



General Lienard has just decorated a number of French heroes for their valour. The man on whose breast he is seen pinning a medal had to be carried to the parade

ground, where several others were on crutches. Nearly all of them showed some honourable scar.

GERMAN SUBMARINE SENT TO BOTTOM BY ANGLO-FRENCH FLOTILLA

U Boat Officers and Crew Taken Prisoners.

TRAGEDY OF THE ZENT.

Capsized Crew Left to Struggle in Water by a Pirate.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—A communiqué issued by the Ministry of Marine says:—

"A German submarine was sunk to-day by an Anglo-French flotilla. The officers and the crew were rescued and taken prisoners."—Reuter.

Up to the present time the loss of eight German submarines has been notified officially. The U 15, U 19, U 8, U 13, U 22, and U 27, and two unknown.

U 15.—Rammed by Birmingham in North Sea, August 10, 1914; all lost.

U 6.—Sunk on March 4, 1915, off Dover, by destroyers; crew of twenty-nine captured.

U 12.—Sunk off Firth of Forth on March 10, 1915, by Ariel; ten of crew saved.

U 29.—Sunk by British warship, March 25, 1915, with all hands.

On November 28 Flight Sub-Lieutenant Viney, R.N., accompanied by a French officer, Lieutenant le Comte de Sincay, whilst patrolling off the Belgian coast, dropped a bomb on a German submarine. The submarine sank within a few minutes.

FORTY-EIGHT LIVES LOST IN THE ZENT

The Manchester steamer Zent (4,000 tons) was torpedoed on Wednesday night without warning by a German submarine. In getting the boats out at all speed they capsized, and forty-eight men were drowned.

The survivors were left struggling in the water.

The captain and ten men were picked up, two of whom were injured, and landed yesterday morning with two dead bodies. The ship was unharmed.

PARIS, Thursday.—A dispatch from Havre to the *Figaro* states that a Norwegian steamer has been sunk in the Channel.

Fourteen of the crew were saved and four are missing.—Exchange.

THE HAGUE, Wednesday.—It is officially announced by the naval department that an inquiry into the circumstances of the sinking of the Dutch schooner *Elzina Hellena* shows that the ship, with a cargo of timber bound from Drammen to Poole, was stopped on April 3 in the North Sea by the German submarine U 30.

The ship was sunk on the ground that she had contraband on board.

The crew of three—the skipper, the mate and the cook—were taken off. The submarine then towed the ship's boat to the Noord Hinder Lightship.—Reuter.

WANTS 'HUGHES TOUCH.'

Shareholder and Aliens in the British South Africa Company.

One of the shareholders of the British South Africa Company asked at the annual meeting at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday for an assurance that there were very few alien shareholders in the company, and very few aliens naturalised or unnaturalised in connection with the management. He also inquired whether they were going to see a little bit of the "Hughes touch" in the administration.

The chairman, Mr. Lyttonell Gell, replied that there were 76,000 shares held in Germany, 8,000 in Austria-Hungary and 4,000 in Turkey, but none in Bulgaria.

He could dispose of any anxiety that the company was in any way likely to be under the control of foreign influences.

As regards the management, Baron Emile d'Eranger was a standing type of the *L'Étante Cordiale*. He was a naturalised British citizen, and one of his two sons fighting for the Allied cause had gained the Military Cross. Mr. Otto Beit was regarded by the directors as the most thorough Englishman on their board, like his brother before him. "Every one of us will go absolutely bail for Mr. Beit's intense patriotism."

MR. HUGHES CANNOT GO TO PARIS.

Mr. Asquith, replying to Sir E. Goulding in the House of Commons yesterday, stated that they would have been very glad to have made use of the services of Mr. Hughes, whose illness the whole country would deplore, at the forthcoming conference of the Allies in Paris, but he understood that Mr. Hughes would be obliged to leave this country before that date.

PARIS WITH PATIENCE AND YEARS.

ZURICH, Thursday.—A German officer, in a special article in the *Münchener Allgemeine Rundschau*, expresses the opinion that Germany will certainly take Verdun eventually but that this will only be the end of one chapter.

"This may open the way to Paris," he adds, "but it will require patience and years to get there."—Central News.

KISSED EVERYBODY.

American Wife Says "My Darling Man" May Mean Nothing at All.

STORY OF KIDNAPPED BABY.

"I may have said to him, 'My dearest man' or 'My darling fellow,' but never from a point of view of love. A great deal depends on the intonation and accent. You can say, 'My dearest man' and mean nothing at all, and you can say it in another way and mean a great deal."

This explanation was given in the Divorce Court yesterday by Mrs. Ida Marcelle French, daughter of General Robert Wynne, formerly the Postmaster General of the U.S.A.



Mrs. French.

She was asked in cross-examination if she had called Mr. Frank Andrews, with whom she came over from America, "Darling." The King's Proctor intervened to prevent the making absolute of a decree that she obtained in December, 1913, against Captain Hugh Ronald French, of the 7th Dragons. Misconduct was alleged between her and Mr. Andrews before she got her decree.

Mr. Andrews, it was said, when he was with her on board the *Mauretania* and at hotels in London and Paris, was acting as her guardian by the express request of her father.

Mr. Bevan, for the King's Proctor, inquired how it was that Mrs. French was met by Mr. Andrews when she arrived in New York in the autumn of 1913, having been to England to recover her baby, which, she said, was "kidnapped."

He was interested in the recovery of the baby, said Mrs. French.

Mr. Bowen: How old is Mr. Andrews?—He told me about fifty. I have not seen his birth certificate.

The Judge: That is not funny.

Counsel produced a certificate in which Mr. Andrews' age was put down at forty-six.

Mrs. French said that Mr. Andrews on going to bed would kiss herself and her sister and anybody else.

CABINET TAKES NOTICE.

Offers a Day for Full Recruiting Discussion to Come on Before Easter.

An important meeting of the Cabinet was held yesterday. The Prime Minister, who only arrived in London at 4 a.m. from the Continent, presided.

There was a large attendance of Ministers, and no secret need be made of the fact that the Ministers were engaged in the consideration of the recruiting problem, which has undergone certain developments during the absence of the Prime Minister.

In the House of Commons later Mr. Asquith said the Government was considering the actual figures of recruits obtainable under the present system, and when they had arrived at a decision on their own responsibility, that decision would be announced to the House and a day would be given for a discussion before the House rose for Easter.

To-day is "married men's day."

The first batch of attested married men have been ordered to report themselves. They consist of Groups 25 to 32, which comprise men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six.

These men are bidding farewell to their wives, their families and their homes at the call of duty: they are doing it cheerfully enough, though there are some who complain that the Derby pledge of "single men first" has not been kept.

Both Liberal and Unionist War Committees are to meet next Tuesday to consider anew the present position of recruiting.

SECOND MEXICO "PRETENDER."

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—There have recently been conflicting reports regarding the whereabouts of General Felix Diaz, who was supposed to have landed with a revolutionary expedition in South Mexico.

Advices to the State Department now indicate that the rumours are correct. It appears that he has a considerable force and he has been receiving material aid through Guatemala.—Reuter.

\$500,000 MONTHLY FOR BELGIUM.

Sir E. Grey, replying to Colonel Vate in the House of Commons yesterday, stated that the contribution of the Government towards the Belgian Relief Fund might be reckoned at £500,000 per month.

Both a paid direct, but by the Belgian Government out of the Allied Loan, and was only a general estimate.

As far as he knew, the United States Government had paid nothing. The figures of private American subscriptions were published in the *Commission's report*.

MOTHERS NEEDED.

Father B. Vaughan Condemns Women Who Neglect Homes for Dress.

"WAR SEAL" FLATS.

"More money is being spent on drink, tobacco, cinemas, restaurants and hotels now than before the war," declared Father Bernard Vaughan, at a Mansion House meeting yesterday in support of Mr. Oswald Stoll's War Seal Foundation scheme.

"Everywhere on the arteries of our mammoth metropolis," said Father Vaughan, "I see women befurred and bejewelled, in the daintiest of footwear, which you can see as far as ever it reaches, and the most perky hats."

"I do not complain of these things, but my country comes before the dainty wants of a frivolous class."

"The cradle is empty," he said, "and the church bench is empty. The church bench is empty because the cradle is empty."

"When I was a lad the birth rate was 37.40 per 1,000. To-day we have dropped to 19.5 per 1,000."

"As a nation we are travelling to the cemetery. Never was the marriage rate so high, never the birth rate so low; and that at a time when the cry is to replace the men we are losing."

"It is not men, money or munitions we want. It is the mother whom we need to-day and shall need more and more, and we want mothers in those wives whom God wants to become mothers."

Many prominent people, including the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lord Swaythling, Mrs. *11628*



The Lord Mayor appealing at the Mansion House for support for the War Seal movement.

Asquith, the Right Hon. Will Crooks, M.P., Lord Aberconway, Lady St. Oswald, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset and Miss Elizabeth Asquith, were present.

Mr. Stoll, explaining his scheme, said it was to erect model dwellings where the disabled service man can live with his family upon his pension without any appeal to charity.

The seals are sold at a halfpenny each, to be added to letters in the form of a stamp, and it required 2400 to provide a compact flat with medical and physical needs provided for on the spot.

During the meeting Miss Elizabeth Asquith collected from the audience £1200, and the Lord Mayor said they hoped to provide a Mansion House flat.

SIR E. GREY ON PEACE CONDITIONS.

"I am afraid that I can make no further statement about peace conditions than that which has already been made by the Prime Minister," says Sir E. Grey, answering a question by Major Chapple.

Major Chapple had asked whether he would consult with the Allies with a view to a joint declaration to the effect that no peace conditions would be acceptable unless they provided for the identification and appropriate punishment of those, in whatever rank or station, responsible for any inhuman atrocities that may be perpetrated on or after a given date.

A HUNDRED TIMES MORE SHELLS.

PARIS, Thursday.—The correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* at the Russian front telegraphs:—The Russian Army before Smorgon is a solid menace to Vilna. This army is rich in regiments and has numerous corps in reserve as far back as twenty miles from the front.

When the contest begins again it will be under different conditions from those which prevailed in October.

For one shell that the Germans had to face then they will now have to face a hundred, and where they fought against 400 men, they will find 4,000 full of ardour.—Reuter.

TO PAY FOR DAMAGE FROM MINES.

Answering Mr. Fell in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Pretyman said that it had been arranged that damage to property on shore caused by the explosion of mines driven on the coast would be treated as if covered under the Government policy of insurance against aircraft and bombardment.

OVER £400 PAID FOR THE KING'S GIFT.

Two Purchasers for Parcel of Chinese Embroidery.

"DRAGON" RED CROSS DAY

Great interest was shown in the King's gift yesterday at the first day's sale at Christie's in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of the Hospital of St. John.

The gift was a large panel of Chinese embroidery richly worked in five groups with the Imperial five-clawed dragon in gold thread and coloured silks.

About the groundwork of this embroidery are designs of the sacred jewel, clouds and bats emblematic of longevity on the yellow ground of the Imperial House of China.

Bidding started with 100 guineas. It rose at ten guineas a time to 250 guineas, and was finally knocked down for 210 guineas to Mr. Bowling Hanbury. It was immediately put up for auction again by the purchaser, and on the second occasion realised 180 guineas. Mr. Louis Duveen was the purchaser.

GIVEN TO A CHIEF JUSTICE.

Loud applause greeted both purchases. The whole day was a Chinese day, and the prices realised were most satisfactory.

A Chinese white crepe shawl embroidered with flowers sold for thirty-two guineas; a Chinese corset, embroidered with birds on a ground of pale blue silk, which was given to the late Sir John Russell when he was Chief Justice of Hong Kong, fetched twenty-eight guineas, and a panel of Japanese embroidery worked with peacocks on a ground of gold thread obtained twenty-two guineas.

Considerable interest was taken in a Chinese eggshell lantern, presented by Mr. Andrew Burman. This is enamelled in famille-verte, with continuous scenes illustrating the silk industry.

It has an enameled stippled yellow band round the centre, and stands about 8in. in height.

SHAWL OF ROMANCE.

Bidding was particularly brisk for this lot, which eventually realised 180 guineas.

Twelve Chinese camille-rose plates given by Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Hope Edwards fetched eighty-five guineas.

There was a little flutter of romantic interest attached to Lot 57, a shawl presented by Miss Doris Keane. This shawl was bought by Miss Keane in Mexico, and has been worn by her over 800 times in "Romance." It realised thirty-two guineas.

At the opening of the sale the auctioneer exhibited a horseshoe which had been placed in his chair decorated with coloured ribbons.

It was accompanied by a wish that the bidding would be brisk and generous.

PIERRETTE COLLARS.

Tassels in New Throat Vogue Which Remind Soldiers of Trench Rat.

Fashion would make a pierrette of every woman this year.

A rise in the temperature has led to an immediate rise in the height of collars, which are pleated and puffed like those of pierrettes. Women are praying devoutly that a rise in the price of starch is not also imminent.

Most of the pierrette collars are held round the neckline, for this becomes low and round.

There is then a three-inch gap before the collar adorns the throat higher up. And not even a ribbon is allowed to join the two.

Most of the pierrette collars are held round the throat by a velvet twisted ribbon, which hangs down the back and ends in a tassel.

Soldiers on leave say that these heavy chenille tassels in grey and black are a counterfeit of the trench rat.

EMPTY PHIAL BY HIS SIDE.

A mysterious affair was reported yesterday from the Charing Cross Hotel.

A man, who arrived at the hotel on March 26, entered his name on the register as Robert Sydney Standish. His luggage consisted of an old brown leather suit-case. On Wednesday afternoon he was found lying dead on the floor. By his side was an empty phial, which had apparently contained a white liquid.

So far no clue has been obtained as to his identity, for no papers were found in his luggage.

PRIMA DONNA'S TRAGIC FATE.

ROME, Wednesday.—Maria Rossini, the operatic artist who was rescued from the Sussex, arrived at Naples to-day from Amsterdam.

As she says that the "beautiful Roman singer, Rosita Cesariotti, who was well known as a favourite interpreter of the parts of 'Carmen' and 'Madame Butterfly,' was mad with terror when the Sussex was struck and that she escaped overboard and was drowned.—Exchange.

THREE ZEPPELINS IN THE LATEST RAID ON THE NORTHEAST COAST

One Gasbag Hit by Fire from Our Guns.

48 BOMBS DROPPED.

Foe Get a Footing in Haucourt—Successful French Attack.

VICTORIOUS TIGRIS PUSH.

The Zeppelin raid on the night of Wednesday-yesterday was the fifth within seven days.

LATEST AIR RAID.

Three Zeppelins visited the North-Eastern Counties, dropped forty-eight bombs and caused eight casualties. One Zeppelin was struck by gunfire.

BRITISH ADVANCE TOWARDS KUT.

A fuller official report of the British advance for the relief of General Townshend at Kut, Mesopotamia, shows that we gained a smashing victory, carrying five lines of Turkish trenches, and also winning the trenches opposite the Falahiyah position. Our advance was very rapid.

NEW THRUST FOR VERDUN.

With a series of desperate onslaughts the Germans have renewed their struggle for Verdun. By wave attacks they stormed the villages of Bethincourt and Haucourt, west of the Meuse. All efforts against the former failed, but, after repeated repulses, they succeeded at great cost in gaining a footing in the latter. Their position, however, is not a comfortable one, for the village is being swept by fire from the French dominating positions. The Germans claim to have taken 542 unwounded prisoners.

FRENCH CARRY A POSITION.

Later, the French took the offensive. An attack was planned to reconnect the Avocourt Redoubt with one of their works to the north of that place. This was a complete success. The French carried a large portion of the "Bois Carre" and took fifty prisoners.

STRAFING OF AIR SAVAGE ON NORTH-EAST COAST.

Gasbag's Wild Efforts to Escape from Very Hot Reception.

The Zeppelin which attempted the raid over the north-east coast, says the *Eastern Morning News*, met with such a lively reception that its visit lasted only a few minutes.

Bombs were dropped obviously with the view of assisting the Zeppelin to increase its altitude and thus escape from the magnificent aim of the gunners, who worried the crew to such an extent that they headed their airship for the coast, got the maximum speed out of the engines and made for home.

If not actually hit the Zeppelin had a terrible "strafing."

Warning of the approach of the Zeppelin had, however, been given, and about 9.45 its presence was detected, and no sooner was it hovering over the district than its shape was silhouetted against the starry sky by the broad beams of powerful searchlights and well-directed shots sped towards it.

Thousands of people witnessed the thrilling spectacle of the wriggling Zeppelin caught in the blinding stream of light.

It was just as if the town were being treated to a cinematograph entertainment with the sky as the screen.

AMID THE SHRAPNEL.

So powerful was the searchlight that the whole shape of the airship was clearly visible, with shrapnel bursting all round it.

The great silver fish dipped and wriggled, but it was always in the beam of light, the significant puffs of smoke bursting nearer and nearer.

It seemed to the spectators that the shots were too near to miss—an impression that was strengthened when the Zeppelin dipped its nose.

The gunners gave it no rest. The more it wriggled the more shots were fired.

Then it made seawards; and so far as the public was concerned the thrilling exhibition was over save for the cheers for the gunners.

Those who had come to terrify had fled terror-stricken.

Bombs that were dropped all fell on vacant land.

1 CHILD DEAD, 2 MEN, 3 WOMEN AND 5 CHILDREN HURT

PRESS BUREAU, Thursday, 4.10 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—The air raid of last night on the north-eastern counties was apparently carried out by three Zeppelins.

The first one made an attack about 9.10 p.m., but was driven off by the fire of anti-aircraft guns after dropping five bombs, which caused no damage or casualties. Numerous observers state that this Zeppelin was struck by gun-fire.

A second raider made his appearance in another locality about 10.15 p.m., and though he was in the neighbourhood for some time no bombs were dropped.

Another raider delivered an attack in a third locality during the night, but although several bombs were dropped only slight material damage was caused.

The total number of bombs dropped was:—

24 explosive and 24 incendiary.

Casualties at present reported are:—

	Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
Killed	0	0	1	1
Injured	2	1	5	8

No military damage was caused.

OUR SMASHING VICTORY IN MESOPOTAMIA.

Five Lines of Trenches Carried in Rapid Advance.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Sir Percy Lake reports:—that the Tigris Corps, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir G. Goring, who has succeeded General Aylmer, attacked the enemy's entrenched positions at Um-el-Hannah at 5 a.m. on the 5th. Our trenches had been pushed forward by means of saps to within 100 yards of the enemy's position, and the leading battalions of the 13th Division thence rushed the enemy's first and second lines in quick succession.

The third line was captured by 6 a.m., under the support of concentrated artillery and machine gun fire.

The 13th Division continued their victorious advance, and by 7 a.m. had driven the enemy out of his fourth and fifth lines.

Aeroplane reconnaissances then reported that the enemy was strongly reinforced at these Falahiyah and Sannuyat positions, respectively 6,000 and 12,000 yards from the front trench at Um-el-Hannah.

COUNTER-ATTACK REPULSED.

As those positions could only be approached over very open ground, General Goring ordered further attack to be deferred until evening.

In the meantime, the Third Division, under General Keory, captured the enemy's trenches opposite the Falahiyah position.

During the afternoon the enemy on this bank made a strong counter-attack with infantry and cavalry, supported by guns.

This counter-attack was successfully repulsed and the position won was consolidated.

About 8 p.m. General Goring continued his forward movement on the left bank and carried the Falahiyah position.

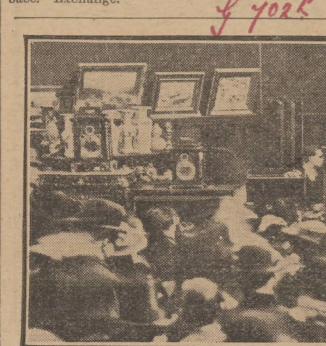
Reports indicate that the Hannah position was strongly entrenched, its left flank resting in the Suwaichi Marsh and its right on the river.

The front trenches are stated to be 9 ft. deep, and the whole system extended in successive lines to the depth of 2,500 ft.

AIR ATTACK ON TURKS.

ATTENS, Wednesday (delayed).—It is learned from Mitylene that Allied aeroplanes yesterday bombarded the encampments at Smyrna and Vourla and also the Kastaki fort in the Gulf of Smyrna, inflicting serious damage.

The aeroplanes returned in safety to their base. Exchange.



The scene during the Red Cross sale at Christie's yesterday. The King was among those who sent gifts.—(“Daily Mirror” photographs.)

BRILLIANT COUNTER-BLOW BY FRENCH.

Advance After Foe Had Gained Footing in Haucourt.

DESPERATE HUN ATTACKS

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Thursday.—This afternoon's French official communiqué says:—

In the Argonne we carried out a coup de main this morning on an enemy trench near the road from St. Hubert, which enabled us to inflict considerable losses on the enemy and to capture about twenty prisoners.

During an attack carried out in the neighbouring sector our artillery violently bombarded that portion of the Avocourt Wood occupied by the Germans.

In the region of Verdun the enemy after the comparative calm of the afternoon of yesterday displayed great activity at the end of the day and during the night.

West of the Meuse there was an extremely violent bombardment in the region between Avocourt and Bethincourt, followed by a series of attacks in very large numbers on the two principal salients of this front.

On our right all the attempts of the enemy against the village of Bethincourt were broken by our fire.

GROUND WON BY FRENCH.

At the same time the enemy made desperate efforts in the centre against the village of Haucourt.

After repeated reverses and bloody sacrifices the Germans gained a footing in the course of the night in the village, which we are keeping under the fire of our dominating positions.

On our side, after a short artillery preparation we launched a keen attack, debouching from the Avocourt Redoubt, in order to reconnect this redoubt with one of our works situated on the borders of the wood to the north of Avocourt.

In the course of this operation, which was completely successful, we carried a large portion of the ground called “Le Bois Carre,” and took some fifty prisoners.

East of the Meuse two enemy attacks directed against our positions north of the Bois de la Callette had no other result than serious losses to the Germans.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

GERMANS CLAIM CAPTURE OF 542 PRISONERS.

Village of Haucourt Stormed and Fortified Position Carried.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

To the west of the Meuse the day passed very lively, chiefly on account of the preparatory fire which we directed against the district of Haucourt.

During the afternoon the activity of our infantry also became more pronounced. They stormed the village of Haucourt and a strongly fortified French point d'appui to the east of the village.

Apart from very considerable sanguinary losses the enemy lost eleven officers and 531 men in unwounded prisoners belonging to two different divisions.

On the right bank of the Meuse a renewed attempt of the French to deliver an attack against the positions we captured on April 2 in the Callette Forest to the north-west thereof was quickly checked.—Wireless Press.

RECONSIDERATION FOR MARRIED RECRUITS.

Misrepresentation Admitted and Government Inquiry Promised.

“We are satisfied there has been a certain amount of misrepresentation,” admitted Mr. Long in the House of Commons yesterday, speaking of the enlistment of married men.

In reply to a question by Mr. Harris, of Paddington, Mr. Long said he made that remark from the evidence about enlistments the Government had received during the past few days.

He was far from accepting responsibility for the Government, but he acknowledged the circumstances which appeared to make it necessary that there should be some reconsideration of certain cases.

Mr. Asquith, fresh from his European tour, informed Mr. King that he was not aware of a growing inclination in the country in favour of the Parliamentary Committee system of watching the great Departments of State, and the Government did not propose to move in the matter.



Chymol revitalises boiled or sterilised Milk

Boiling and sterilising milk destroys valuable nutritive and digestive qualities in it. CHYMOL re-introduces into milk the active enzymes and life-giving ferments, and increases the fats and digestive sugars. Therefore, all boiled and sterilised milk given to babies should contain CHYMOL, when it actually becomes a perfect equivalent of mother's milk.

Convincing evidence of the nutritive and assimilative value of CHYMOL is seen in the increased weight of all—young or old—who add it to their diet.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST—HE KNOWS
1½ and 2½ sizes.



Full particulars from The Chymol Company Ltd.
Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

WEAK BOYS AND GIRLS.

This is the time of year when school-children grow pale and weak. Confined indoors for many hours a day, studying at night perhaps, deprived of much outdoor exercise, their blood grows thin. Compare your child's complexion with what it was last summer. Probably you have not realised how thin the blood was getting because the change was so gradual.

When a child, formerly bright and active, loses colour, finds play an effort, and prefers to sit still and read, there is every reason to suspect that the blood is getting thin, that the child is anemic. Sometimes there is headache and nose-bleeding. These confirm the suspicion. It is a condition that is full of danger, for thin blood is an open door to many diseases, especially during changeable weather. But it is a condition that is easily remedied if taken in time. Give the child Dr. Williams' pink pills, which can be obtained of any dealer: one box contains about two weeks' treatment, and these pills are a great blood-builder and invigorator. They are just the sort of tonic that many children need.

Buy a box of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people from your dealer, taking care to obtain Dr. Williams'.

FREE—A Health Guide for the home sent post free to any reader; address a postcard request to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

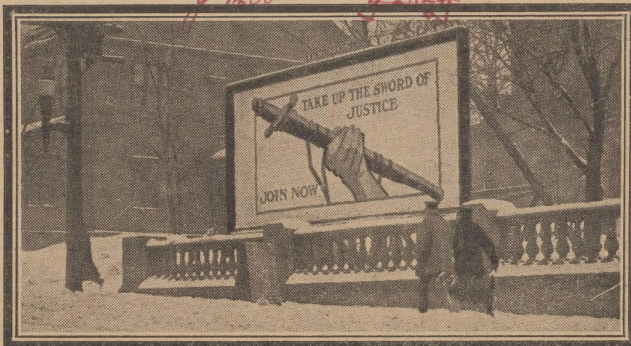
HOW TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.

Get Plenty of Fresh Air, Breathe Deeply and Take a Little Sargol.

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force, and feel discouraged don't dose your stomach with worthless tonics nor harbour the idea that help for you is impossible. If you have drawn heavily on your bank account of "Strength" weakness is but a natural result. However, if you reverse the order of things and obtain more strength from your food than what you use in performing your daily toil or pleasures, you will be as strong, happy and vigorous as ever. To do this spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and take a little Sargol with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return. It does not matter how you have lost your strength, whether the cause be from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence of any kind, Sargol will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat.

In fact, one small tablet with your three meals a day will give you more strength and vitality than 4-6 large meals would give you without it. Sargol costs little, is pleasant to take, and is highly recommended by the medical profession. Anyone suffering with "nerves" or from weakness of any kind should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need. Advt.

HALF A MILLION MEN FROM CANADA.



Recruiting poster in Nova Scotia. A great publicity campaign to bring the Canadian overseas forces up to half a million men has been started.

TWO SPRING HATS.



Biscuit-coloured lace hat smartly finished with a large lace bow and a rose on the crown.



Hat carried out in dark blue straw and silk and prettily trimmed with ribbon loops.

N.C.O.s GET THE D.C.M.



Sergeant J. W. Coxon (8th Somerset Light Infantry), who gets the D.C.M. for shooting two Germans and taking a third prisoner.



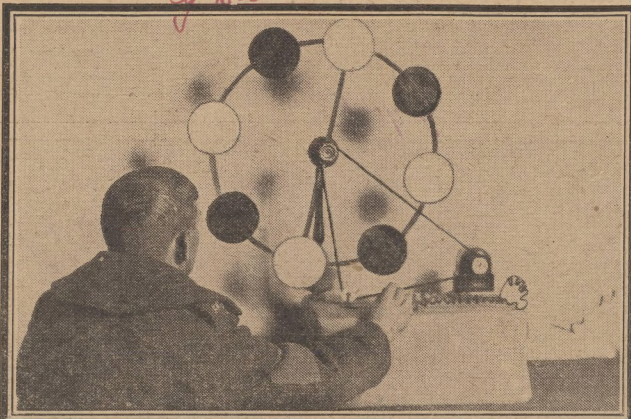
Corporal E. J. Gee (5th Royal Berkshire Regiment), who has been awarded the D.C.M. for doing good work under heavy shell fire.

WHO WAS THIRD MAN?



City clerk and dustmen economise in matches. Did one of them risk being the third man?

REVOLVING WHEEL TO CURE SHELL SHOCK.



It is claimed that soldiers suffering from shell shock and nervous disorders can be cured by a mysterious quality possessed by this revolving wheel, which brings before the eye a constant succession of different colours. The patient can control its speed.

TO CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

Trained Nurse Says Hospitals Use Ordinary Saltrated Water.

This is the time of year when hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a diet of heavy heat-producing foods has been necessary, and when spring arrives the system is loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste which clogs the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy and Bright's disease. Toxins excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you have weak nerves due to over-work, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self poisoning. People with strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, do not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of common alkali saltrates in a half tumbler of water and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. I advise readers to tear this out so as not to forget the name of this remarkable substance which any good chemist can supply at small cost.—H. L. K.

SPECIAL NOTE.—The Saltrates Company (Dept. 40 A), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., prepare a very high grade of Alkali Saltrates, and during the next ten days are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1s. 6d. size packet if applicant cares to send 6d. for the postage, packing, etc.—(Advt.)



Rough and Chapped Hands

so troublesome just now, especially to ladies engaged in munition work, or work about the house, are easily avoided by using

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

a Fragrant Toilet Milk neither sticky nor greasy.

It effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water. Apply a little every time the hands are washed and it will keep them in perfect condition.

From all Chemists and Stores in Bottles 11s.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly improved by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT 1 box 1s.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, Eng.

SECRETS OF STRONG NERVES & WILL

A gentleman who has made a life study of the Nerves and the Will has discovered how to develop Strong Nerves and a Powerful Will. He can help you to be more successful in Life, Business, and Society—to be free from awkwardness in the presence of others—be self-confident—inspire others with your Personality and Power—be looked up to as someone worth listening to—Dominate others—realise your wishes and ambitions through your will. It will be more Energetic, Keener, and more successful in all things—Fear Nothing and Nothing will hurt you. Come always—above all, enjoy Life as a great adventure. If a treatment is a certain cure for Weak Nerves, Lack of Energy, Ambition and Concentration, Send only 5s. stamps for particulars and "experience" to GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, 476, Imperial Buildings, Langate Circus, E.C.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916.

EVEN SHAKESPEARE?

WE know a rich man who thought it would be a patriotic and pleasant way of keeping Shakespeare's tercentenary to present himself with a copy of one of the Folios.

Which Folio?

Obviously not the first. They are all traced. One of the best—possibly the last—left England a few years ago. Sir Sidney Lee knows where they all are. Not the first. One of the later Folios. Do not force us to say which.

Enough that our friend went about, looking carefully.

And soon, oddly enough, he found two—two Folios in London at the same time.

Rare fortune!

He was offered one of them quite cheap and took time to think it over.

Your rich man always does that. Where a poor man would rush, holding all he had, glad to get it, fearing that another might have it if he didn't hurry, your rich man takes his time and doesn't enjoy it nearly so much when he gets it away from the poor man.

So now yesterday our friend returned for the Folio.

It had gone up in price.

Why? He was amazed. It was dear enough before. Why dearer now?

"Because of the Budget."

Will Shakespeare "up" because of the Budget?

This was too much. Our friend, being rich, refused, and came to us for our approval of his firmness. Wasn't it absurd? Because of the Budget! Retrospective dearness. Going back to Stratford and trying to make the deathless dead player make more money in 1916, because of a war he never could have foreseen, even by plucking his judgment from the stars! A scandal.

"But," we reminded him, "a universal tendency." A general dearness always follows the Chancellor's annual statement, even in peace time. Don't you remember paying more for wine when duties were merely threatened—afterwards removed? Even the threat sets prices fluttering. All the old stock can be sold at an increase. An excuse. The way we take it. The way we make our bit. The way we do our bit.

"The tendency is at work vigorously now—everything's 'up': food, fuel, petrol, matches, tobacco, paper—of course. But not these only. Flowers also and grass and fair and the sun and totally irrelevant things, like old china, bought before the war. And old folios. And, by consequence, Shakespeare."

In this year of his tercentenary you cannot expect Shakespeare to be cheap.

Posthumously, he too does his bit.

W. M.

REPROACH OF TIME.

Mid-shapen Time, cozenmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nuptial all, and murderer of all that's pure,
O! hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time,
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To unmask proud bigwigs with a few hairs,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquaries of hammer'd antique ears,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come
back,

I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack.
Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHY I AM GLAD HE HAS JOINED.

A WIFE ON TO-DAY'S CALL FOR THE MARRIED MEN.

By MURIEL LEE.

TO-DAY marks an epoch in thousands of British homes; it is the day on which the first group of married men are called upon for the Army.

A great many hearts will be sad to-night, I am afraid, and a great many tears will be shed. I know—I am not in the least ashamed to own that I myself will probably be wet before I fall off to sleep; but tears of pride will be mingled with tears of grief. For some of us wives are glad, in the bottom of our hearts, that our husbands are going to learn to be soldiers—glad because we are proud. There is a primitive instinct in woman which makes her want "her man" to be a fighter.

Now, not because I feel egotistical, but because I believe that my case and feelings are

close upon fifteen years, day after day, week after week, except for the annual little holidays, his mind has been more or less concentrated upon the same old round of things. His work has really only varied in detail—and many of the details have gone on repeating themselves. Now, almost in a flash, all this has been put on one side; for a year—two years—however long his King and country need him—his mind will be forced to run in an entirely new direction.

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

Surely this is a good thing for any man? My husband says that he will be horribly "rusty" when he gets back to the old life. I maintain that the rust will soon rub off, that he will pick up the old threads with fresh enthusiasm, and that everyone will be in much the same boat as himself!

If the fortune of war is kind to him—and my woman's intuition tells me it will be—he has no real cause to worry about the future. His job is being kept open for him and he will start again where he has left off, no "older," I hope, in anything but years. And what, after all, is a year or two extra when counterbalanced by

SOME BENEFITS OF THE BUDGET.—No. 2.

INSTEAD OF THE FRANTIC WEEK-END RUSH TO CATCH A TRAIN —



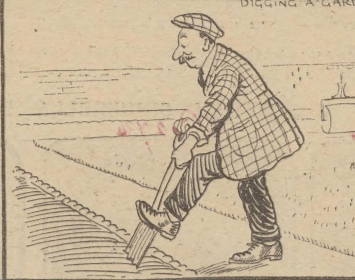
— HE CAN SPEND SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN QUIET MEDITATION



INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME AND TEMPER DIGGING THE EARTH ON A GOLF LINKS —



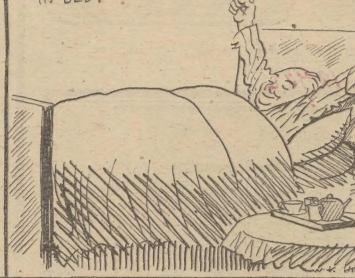
— WHAT PLEASANT HOURS CAN BE SPENT IN DIGGING A GARDEN



AND INSTEAD OF THE EARLY TRAIN UP ON MONDAY MORNING —



— HOW DELIGHTFUL TO HAVE AN HOUR LONGER IN BED!



Perhaps, without week-ends, life will be less harassed? And week-ends will be made more difficult if railway tickets are taxed.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

"AMUSEMENTS."

PLEASURE AND PATRIOTISM WHILE THE WAR LASTS.

GIVE, BUT KEEP CHEERFUL!

THE letter of "F. M." (April 4) shows once more the need for a Department of Psychology. "Let all but our soldiers cut off amusements," he says; and goes on, unfortunately for his argument, to quote the French Revolution.

Now, in the French Revolution (as Carlyle's book mentions) the numerous theatres of Paris were shut full swing. You cannot win a war by merely shutting down things indiscriminately. If you break there you help to lose the war. Napoleon's dictum was: "Distinguish the essential from the unessential. He himself introduced puppet shows to keep up the people's spirits."

In the English Revolution (the Puritan Revolt) amusements were barred. But then religious enthusiasm was substituted. This is the best way. But those who cannot attain to it will only do harm by producing an atmosphere of gloom such as the Germans most desire to create.

The frantic effort to knock off everything, to wreck fiscal and business arrangements by stopping the halfpenny post, closing cinema, museums, and generally becoming negative, is just what the Prussians are trying to inspire. Let us pour our guts into the nation's treasury by all means. But let us live in order to do it.

E. WILLMORE,
2, Church-place South,
Penarth, Wales.

WEEK-ENDS.

YOUR correspondent "S. N." is surely narrow-minded.

He, she or it is "afraid of many people are going away for week-ends."

Why not? All work and no play congests our asylums.

"S. N." complains about the road being white with dust.

Is that a calamity after many weary months of mud and wet?

Your other correspondent, "F. M.," would have all civilians cut off their amusements, but common sense tells us that wounded soldiers and men home on leave would hardly be able to keep open our theatres and cinemas.

ERNEST STANBROUGH,
Friar's Croft, Streatham, S.W.

WHAT WILL SATISFY THEM?

WHAT is a reasonable "tip" to give a taxi-driver?

Many people (myself included) would be glad to know. As a medical man, I generally have to take a taxicab three or four mornings every week, spending, perhaps, 6s., 8s., or 10s. each time.

As an example: This morning 11s. 8d. was "ticked up," and I gave the driver 12s. 6d.

Did he say "Thank you"?

Not a bit of it. I said "Good day." No answer from our worthy friend.

I should be glad to have a little light on this important question.

Westminster, W.A.C.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild briar rose, the budding birch and the hollyhock. I have seen and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like an enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities: a God that made all things, man's immortal and immortal nature.—Robert Burns.

typical of those of a great many other women to-day; I would like to give some concrete reasons why I rejoice that my husband is becoming a soldier.

First, the change from sedentary work in a more or less stuffy office to physical work in the open air is going to do him a world of good.

He is still under thirty. Until we were married, four years ago, he played games regularly; he was tremendously fit and as hard as nails. With marriage and the necessity to work harder, however, he gradually dropped his games, and latterly he has taken very little exercise. Once or twice he has spoken regretfully of the loss of his games and, secretly, I have realised what has happened: he has sacrificed them for my sake.

Life in the Army will give him back his lost physical fitness. The marching, the Swedish drill, the hard manual labour of digging trenches will rejuvenate him; he will get brown and hard and high-spirited in that way that outdoor life makes for once.

Then, the complete mental change and rest should be immensely beneficial to him. For

the advantage that a spell in the Army must, with ordinary good luck, give?

Putting on one side our separation, which I do not intend to make harder by brooding over it, I shall be only relatively worse off while my husband is away. I shall have less money, of course; but, on the other hand, my expenses will be less. To be frankly material, the butcher's, baker's, and grocer's bills will be smaller, the laundry will cost less—I mean to act as my own washerwoman to a greater extent henceforth—and there will be no "men" to be brought home to dinner now. Some of the things I shall do entirely without now are marmalade, cheese, coffee, beer and spirits, all of them "masculine" items in our household expenses.

A sister, who works and who has been living in lodgings, is coming to me as a "companion-lodger."

I shall be anxious at times and lonely always, but just as my husband is bravely doing his duty, so must I try to do mine.

Finally, I have made up my mind about this—I am not going to write my husband letters full

of petty domestic worries and troubles. Stories of Mary Ann's misadventures in the breakages line and the excessive cost of cabbages are not the kind of items of home news that a man who is preparing to defend his home will be wildly interested in, I am sure.

YOUNG FRANCE'S MARTIAL ARDOUR: BUDDING OFFICERS

CLASPING



A lesson in the courtyard of the Lycée.



Theory must be learnt as well as practice.

Training officers at the Lycée Carnot, Paris. They all want to get to the front and lead the poilus to victory.—(French War Office photographs.)

ROMANCE OF A SCOTTISH CINDERELLA WHO COMES TO LONDON.

BARRIE PLAY.



Lord Inglehart and Lieutenant the Hon. David Graham.



Kitty Mackay, the heroine, and Mrs. Grayson.



Lil McNab watches her mother do the washing.



Miss Elspeth Douglas-Reid, who is appearing in Sir J. M. Barrie's fantasy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," at Wyndham's.—(Hoppé.)

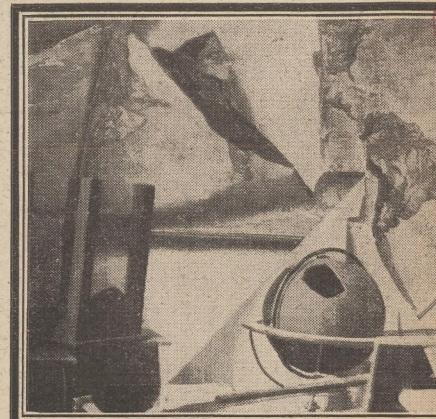
Olga Ovonovna Neveroff, a agent's Park, grasping a revolution position in Russia.



Sandy Macnab and his spouse bid farewell to Kitty.

"Kitty Mackay," at the Queen's Theatre, is a smile-and-tear comedy. The heroine, a little Scotch lassie, is brought from her native village of Drumtochty to be Lord Inglehart's ward in London, and it is only in accordance with the rules that she should marry the great man's son. The name part is played by Miss Molly McIntyre.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

HOW THEY DO LOVE B



Classroom in a large school in Serbia after a visit from the and globes that portion which

VER.

IS THIS FAIR? THE CHILDREN DON'T THINK IT IS



Children, who pay half-price, form a large percentage of the patrons of many cinema-palaces, and they feel that they have a grievance against Mr. McKenna's amusement tax. A penny to them is a large sum to pay for admission, and the



tax mulcts them in an extra 50 per cent., while those with well-filled purses, who can pay 5s. for a tip-up stall, are only asked to contribute an extra 5 per cent.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MRS. TOWNSHEND.



The wife of General Townshend, the gallant defender of Kut. Better news comes from this quarter.—(Elliott and Fry.)

STRIKING DRESS DESIGN.



Chintz coat, hat and parasol trimmed with bands of jade velvet and gold galon lined with black taffeta.—(Reville and Rossiter.)

NORFOLK WOMEN'S FINE EXAMPLE.



Granny, aged seventy, dons her armlet. She is proud of her badge.



Nearly 4,000 women, representing all classes, are working on the land in Norfolk, and here Mrs. Parish is seen distributing the Board of Trade armlets at Fakenham. The recipient is a housemaid.

CHILDISH SPITE.



Every thing and cut out from the atlases of Great Britain.

In a Nut-shell

quality coupled with
real economy is what
you obtain by buying

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

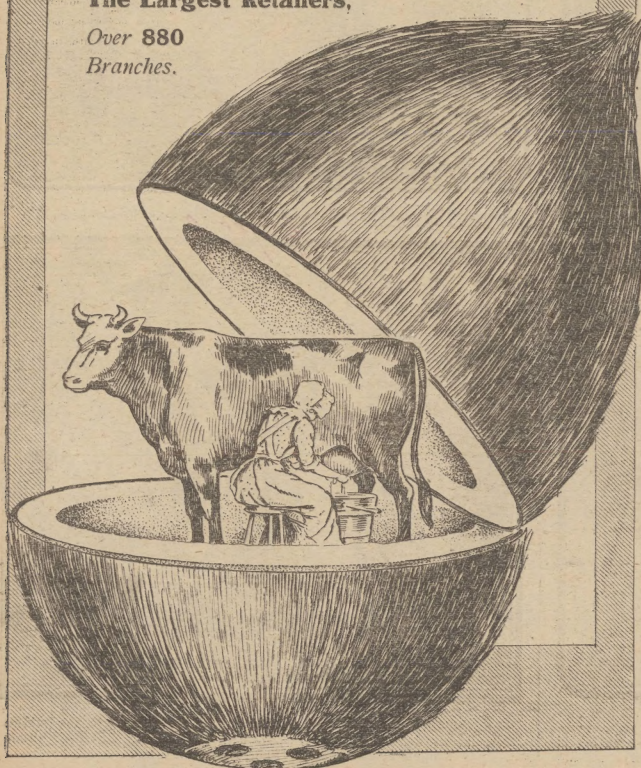
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A LB., or **1^{S. D.}/2** **DOUBLE**
WEIGHT.

Guaranteed all British-Made
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MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD.

The Largest Retailers,

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"A case for Wincarnis."

'Wincarnis' brings new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," Run-down.

'Wincarnis' is the one thing that will give you new strength when you are Weak—new rich blood when you are Anæmic—new nerve force when you are 'Nervy'—and new vitality when you are 'Run-down.'

Because 'Wincarnis' (*the wine of life*) possesses a four-fold power—it is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. From even the first wineglassful you can feel it doing you good. And as you continue, you can feel the new, rich, revitalised blood dancing through your veins—you can feel your whole system being surcharged with new life and new vitality.

That is the reason why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINGARNIS
"The Wine of Life"

is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, Nervy, Run-down—to Invalids striving to regain strength after an exhausting illness—to all martyrs to Indigestion—to all enfeebled by old age—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' is the quick, sure and safe way to new health. Quick, because the benefit begins at once. Sure, because for over 30 years it has given new health to countless thousands of sufferers. Safe, because it does not contain drugs.

Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Let 'Wincarnis' give you new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality. Try just one bottle of 'Wincarnis.' All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell it.

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W321, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose **FOUR** penny stamps to pay postage

Name

Address

"Daily Mirror,"
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DON'T WASTE

your temper or
your money, but buy

DUNLOP

Warwick or Cambridge
Cycle Tyres.

"A price to suit every
pocket and the best
tyre at the price."

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK
ALLERTON

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

Rosalie.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much of a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, feels sure that Rosalie is being deceived. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a dress ball to which Wynne will be present. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. Rosalie is really a young waster named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Rosalie's friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has been longing to go with them. Wynne asks her if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says "Yes." Rosalie, after waiting at the station, learns that Wynne is ill. She returns home, and finds that the letter telling her husband she was going away has gone.

Hugh Grieve gets into further trouble with Lucien. He also finds the letter.

HUGH DISAPPEARS.

ROSALIE did not hear Hugh go out, and she waited, unable to decide whether to go to him to have the subject matter of her letter brushed out, or to let him make the first move. Her courage was ebbing fast. It was easier by far not to take the initiative, to wait until Hugh's plans might reveal themselves to her.

When the gong sounded for lunch she went downstairs.

"I don't think your master can have heard the gong," she said to the maid-servant. "Please go and tell him."

"Oh! Yes, well," was the reply.

"Oh! Yes, well," was the reply.

In a chafing-dish Rosalie sought to keep Hugh's lunch hot for him. Herself, she toyed with a little food, afraid of the eyes of the servants. When she had decided to eat, she found Hugh had no intention of returning for lunch she had the table cleared and went to the drawing-room.

It wondered if anyone in the whole wide world had a life so empty as hers. She had not even the excuse of a round of frivolities. She was simply idle—hopelessly, maddeningly idle.

She felt at war with Northbury Park. She could not find one excuse to make for its smugness, its primness. She had no more reproaches to throw against herself. Something else had to be blamed for the intolerable position in which she found herself, and Northbury Park, lying all around, was at hand.

And then she thought of Wynne—reproached herself for forgetting him so long. Wynne had not failed her of his own volition. It was good to know at least that. But he was ill—very ill. Supposing he were to die? There would be nobody then to whom she could go for help and advice when the crisis did actually come. Hugh might drive her from his home, and her helplessness was abysmal. She would have to accept, for a time at least, such terms as he chose to make. She would not ask for pity, for pardon. She had chosen her way. She would pursue it to the end.

Rain began to fall and she went back to the house. For the second time within a few days she sought to make the hours pass by looking over Hugh's clothes, searching for buttons and places to be darned. All were in perfect order. Not one garment made demand on her services. In a world of the completest order she seemed to be wandering, alone, dissatisfied, a loose end, something that sorely required patching here, darning there, to be taken up and tidied.

When the dinner hour arrived and Hugh had not yet returned vague alarms laid hold of her. His comings and goings were as well ordered as his household, and this unexplained absence filled her with forebodings. She sent away maids to be kept from suggesting to the servants that she had half-expected that he might be detained that night. And the conclusion came to below stairs was that something had

happened at last, and that what had been expected for a long time had come to pass.

The long hours dragged on, and still no Hugh. Rosalie went to her room, not to rest, but to escape from the questionings of the maid, who wanted to know about looking up.

"Your master may not be back at all to-night," said Rosalie, with averted face. "But don't look up in case he does return."

She lay throughout the night listening, and listening in vain, for Hugh's step on the gravel path outside. What had he done? Where had he gone? What was the plan he had evolved? These and a hundred other questions demanded answering all the night long, and no answer could be found. The uncertainty was torment to her. She longed to know the worst, to be able to face any of the hideous possibilities that the darkness evolved in her tortured brain.

Perhaps he had gone to this Lucy to whom he had appealed before. It was difficult to believe that, knowing Hugh's temperament as she did. Still, if he had, how could she blame him now? Never herself had she cried all night for his loss. Still, she knew that to have lost Hugh was bad enough; to have given him to another was a thousand times worse.

Morning came, and Rosalie was heavy-eyed, but sought to force herself to leave her room. She longed to be able to shut herself up there, secure from questioning eyes. But something had to be done.

On the breakfast-table one letter awaited her. Without looking at the handwriting she knew instinctively whom it was from. Hugh had written. She waited until she was alone before opening it. She saw that he had written it at his club.

"My Dear Rosalie," it ran, "I got your letter only this morning. I found it below the clock in my study. I permit myself just now to make no comment, save this—I am more sorry than I can say for having brought such unhappiness into your life. I have made arrangements for being away from St. Luke's for two or three Sundays. Mr. Bannerman knows my address. These two or three weeks will, I hope, give you time to make your plans. I enclose a cheque for a hundred pounds with which you may be able to carry on. By the time I come back I hope we shall both be able to tackle this situation so that a solution of our difficulties may be found.—Your loving husband, Hugh."

Rosalie laid the letter down. She wondered if she were going to faint. She felt as though all life had gone out from her. The crisis had come. Hugh had gone away. Long before those two or three weeks were over all Northbury Park would know that their vicar had separated from his wife.

Separated! The finality of the word overwhelmed Rosalie. It meant that never again would she feel Hugh's strong arms about her; never again his kiss on her forehead, and her tenderness, never again see the soft light of love in his eyes. The dream was over. The awakening was death.

ROSALIE HEARS THE TRUTH.

IN a crisis they are usually the trifles that are the more bewildering. Rosalie was wondering what explanation she could give to the servants when Mr. Bettison was announced. Rosalie could scarcely believe her ears. Frank Bettison had never been called at the vicarage.

He looked worried and anxious as he came into the room.

"Is anything the matter?" he demanded.

"Are you ill?" Or what has happened?"

At the sight of him tears sprang into her eyes. Providence had surely sent him to her.

"What has made you come here?" she asked quickly.

"I got a letter from Grieve this morning. He asked me to come and see you at once. He gave no reasons. I got the scare of my life. Remembering what you told me the other day, of course, I thought—"

Bettison broke off. Her attitude was eloquent of tragedy. There was no need for him to ask questions.

"So I was right," he breathed. "Something has happened."

"Yes, Frank. Something has happened," she repeated dully.

"What?"

"Hugh. . . He's . . . gone away."

Bettison stared at her without speaking. It was incredible to him that these two people,

whose mutual affection was notorious to all who had met them, whose marriage had seemed pre-eminently destined for happiness, should have parted, and so soon.

What has he said? What is he going to do?" he asked at length.

"He has said nothing. He went away yesterday. He has not come back. This morning I got a letter from him."

Then you were too late to intercept your letter?"

"He found it only yesterday. I thought he had had it all along—his manner was so strange."

"Where has he gone?"

"I don't know. He says he'll be away two or three weeks. I don't know if he wants me to wait till he comes back, or to—to go away."

Rosalie's voice broke tremulously.

"Of course, you'll wait here!" cried Bettison with emphasis. "You'll wait here and meet him with a frank explanation. And all will be well."

She shook her head.

"It's ended," she said simply.

He was roused into action by his sense of her utter despair.

"It's your job to wait," he said almost angrily.

"I don't know whether you've any love to blame Hugh Grieve or not. I suppose you have. But I know he's got reason to blame you. You and Wynne have behaved like idiots. Yes—idiots. This is no time to mince words. And now it's your job to try and patch things up. You've got Hugh to think of."

She raised her eyes to his.

"I think of nothing else," she said.

"Then stop thinking and do something," he said roughly. "Do something to stop this hideous calamity—do something before it is too late."

"What can I do?"

"Get him back to you first, then your own instincts will tell you what to do. Remember that he is a man sorely tried."

She interrupted him with a quick gesture.

"What do you mean by that, Frank?" she asked. "Mrs. McBain—Alan Wynne's landlady—said something very like that, too."

He looked at her narrowly.

"Haven't you heard? Hasn't he told you?" he demanded.

"Heard what—told me what?" There was fresh anxiety in her voice.

Bettison flushed. "He ought to have told you—if it's true," he muttered. "And it must be true."

"Tell me quickly, please! What has happened to Hugh?"

"I was with Tom Bannerman told me—Bannerman, the barrister, you know. His brother is your husband's solicitor, isn't he?"

Yes, yes."

It seems that Hugh Grieve has got mixed up in some rotten City concern or another, and is set on his back."

Bettison awkwardly. "He was tricked into the scheme, and now he is responsible for no end of money. Perhaps I oughtn't to tell you all this. If Hugh has kept it dark—"

"Wait! I don't understand. Do you mean that Hugh—Hugh will be poor?"

Bettison nodded.

"I'm afraid of it," he said.

"But how has this happened?"

"I understand he got let into the business by a young scoundrel he befriended. I know the fellow quite well myself—an out and out wrong 'un. How your husband can have been deceived by Lucy Banks—"

"By whom?" Rosalie's voice rose shrilly.

"Lucien Banks is this fellow's name. He—"

Bettison stopped, for Rosalie, with a laugh that plumed the depths of mirthlessness had echoed:—"Lucy!"

"Do you know him?" he exclaimed.

"Lucien Banks? Yes—I've met him once. . . a mere boy. Lucien Banks—"

She broke off, panting.

"Are you so very surprised?"

"Oh! She made a gesture of despair. "I can never tell you—never, never—quite what a fool I've been! I might have known! And now—about Hugh? We must help him. Frank, what can be done? Nothing matters but that. Frank," she sprang to her feet and caught his hands, her eyes blazing with excitement, "if only I could help him—really help him—I believe he'd give me another chance!"

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

£ 6 14 7

Lieutenant G. Wynne Eavin, who was killed in a flying accident on Upavon Downs, was buried at Bournemouth, his birthplace. Here men of the Royal Flying Corps are seen carrying the coffin.

I WAS 5st. 4lb. TOO FAT.

Without Exercising, Starving, Sweating or Dangerous Drugs, I Banished All My Excess Fat in a Very Short Time by a Simple Nature-Cure.

YOU CAN CURE YOUR OBESITY AS EASILY AS I DID.

To Prove What the Remedy Which Cured Me Can Do for Others, I Want Every Reader Who Is Fat, or Gaining Fat, to Accept To-day a 16. 6d. Size Box from Me Without Charge or Obligation.

I was 74 lbs. too heavy—a victim of general obesity. I had a fat-laden face, a heavy double chin, with an immense amount of fat round my neck and rolls of it down my back. My waist and hips were much swollen, my arms bulky, hands puffy, and figure absolutely lost. Every natural hollow was filled up, and though these things were themselves, they were not my own, but a feature of my case, for my heart was not clogged, and if I had not got rid of my fat I should probably not have been alive now. Every day saw me becoming fatter and uglier, but I was not a healthy man—my very health was being destroyed. I was self-determined.

My case presented all the signs of that "fatty infiltration" of the heart, of which I have been a victim since I was a child. I was a very healthy man, but I was a very unhealthy man. I was a very healthy man, but I was a very unhealthy man. I was a very healthy man, but I was a very unhealthy man.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



The Lord Mayor.

Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival, three-quarters of a million of which are being sent to Canada. Sir Charles Wakefield had the assistance of Miss Ellen Terry, Lady Alexander and Lady Tree.

At the Sale.

I saw Lord Lansdowne yesterday at the British Red Cross sale at Christie's. He seemed very interested in the Chinese vases and embroideries, but left early.

Looking Around.

Another interested onlooker, who, however, took no part in the sale, was the Duke of Norfolk. He afterwards took his little daughter round the show-rooms.

The Prime Minister's Health.

The Prime Minister's health was a splendid ovation on his return to the House yesterday. All sections, as far as I could see, joined in the demonstration. Mr. Asquith's visit to the Continent has brought an additional touch of colour to his cheeks, and that he is feeling in the pink of condition may be gathered from the fact that he polished off over thirty questions in something less than a quarter of an hour.

A Terrific Onslaught.

Mr. Duke, K.C., scored a great parliamentary triumph in the House last night in the debate on the payment of members, a debate, by the way, which collapsed an hour or two afterwards. His terrific onslaught on Sir Frederick Banbury derived additional piquancy from the fact that Sir Frederick, blushing to his eyes, was sitting beside him on the Front Opposition Bench.

Mr. Bonar Law Scores Again.

The Prime Minister's first lieutenant, Mr. Bonar Law, was also in great form. Since he joined the Coalition Government Mr. Law has developed statesmanlike qualities of the highest order. One of the features of his brilliantly adroit speech last night was his glowing tribute to the patriotism of the Labour members. I noticed that the Prime Minister hurried into the Chamber to hear him, and before the Unionist leader had been many minutes on his feet the House was filled.

A Noble Order Complete.

Some time ago I told you that the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Curzon had been invested with the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The vacancies were created by the removal of eight recreant Hun knights. Now I hear that all the vacancies have been filled up, though the names have not been made public.

Novel Indeed!

"What is there novel in the Budget?" said the irrepressible way to me yesterday. "From time immemorial we have been told that there is no pleasure without pain! And, of course, amusements are used to attacks."

Like Her Brother.

Miss Beatrice Ainley—sister of Henry of that clan—is playing a "catty" girl in "Kitty Mackay" and doing it very well, though she is not at all that way inclined of the stage. Miss Ainley is dark, and as good-looking as her brother, the famous character actor. Mr. Henry Ainley has achieved the rare honour of being a prophet in his own country, for he lives with his mother, father and sister, who all think worlds of "Harry."

His one Regret.

Like Mr. Will Crooks, who always reproaches himself for having once proposed the Kaiser's health, Dr. Somerset Maugham told me when over from France rehearsing "Caroline" that the regret of his life was having written some years ago a play in German, which had a long run in Berlin.

Weekly Investitures.

The King has graciously arranged that investitures for service decorations shall now take place every week while the Court is in London, and the ceremonial is made as simple as possible, so that the hero in the ranks, who is invariably modest, shall in nowise be embarrassed.

Prince Henry and the Army.

It having been announced in certain journals that Prince Henry will shortly leave Eton, I am in a position to know that he will do nothing of the sort. He will be there until July next year, and will later on enter the Army. His choice will probably be one of the Guards regiments.

Twenty-Four-Hour Clocks.

I see that Lord French, since he has been responsible for the home defence, is using the old-fashioned twenty-four-hour clock in his department. These clocks have on their dials numbers from one to twenty-four. Six o'clock at night, for instance, is eighteen o'clock. Some time ago these clocks were made and sold in England, but were so unpopular that many clock makers had to take them apart and put on the twelve-hour dial.

One of the Cathedrales.

This is a new portrait of clever Mlle. Valentine Tessier, which has just been sent to me. Mlle. Tessier is appearing with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "Les Cathedrales" as Bourges. She is a wonderful dramatic re-



Mlle. Valentine Tessier.

citer, and to hear her rendering of the "Marseillaise" as I did at a charity concert not long ago is something to remember. Great things are foretold of Mlle. Tessier. She has already won much praise on the stage, and as well as playing with Mme. Bernhardt has appeared with famous Réjane in "Mme. Sans Gêne."

Started Young.

I was chatting yesterday with Miss Gladys Unger about her forthcoming new play. While still a young woman, Miss Unger told me in her pretty American accent how she was very much younger when she wrote her first play. This was at the age of eleven. She boldly sent it to Sir Henry Irving, and the fact that it came back didn't discourage her one little bit, she said.

"Bert"—Cartoonist.

I ran across Mr. Bert Thomas the other day while doing a round of studios. He it was who jumped into fame by that striking "Glad Eye" poster a year or two back. A few days later I saw him doing some remarkably rapid crayon caricatures at a dining club. In appearance Mr. Bert Thomas is a smaller edition of Phil May in his palmy days.

Whitehall "Farm."

Fancy agriculture in the very heart of London! Passing along Birdcage-walk yesterday, I saw a beautiful white horse drawing a real farm harrow along, raking up the side avenue. With the trees and the grass and the sunshine it looked a genuine bit of rural England in the precincts of the great Government offices, and the expert "handling" of the man behind the harrow completed the illusion.

Prince's Farewell.

After having spent a most pleasant week in London, Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia leaves here this morning. A member of his entourage told me late last night that the Prince is most grateful for the reception he has had. I also understand that the visit will be of great future importance to Serbia.

Our Kind Women.

I was told that Prince Alexander had been particularly struck by the warm sympathy for Serbia. This was markedly the case with our women, who offered to do anything they could for the Prince's war-stricken people.

Lady Mabel's Golf Course.

"Golf for wounded soldiers" is the newest development in the creation of amusements for warriors who are getting better. Lady Mabel Lindsay is the pioneer. She is, I am told, laying out a special and rather easy course in Oxfordshire for the men of her Burcot section hospital.

Soldiers Help.

Only one patient is able to play at the moment, I hear from Lady Mabel, but others will be ready as soon as their private course is completed. Some of the patients are helping with the lighter work. The clubs and balls will cost nothing, for Lady Mabel just asked her friends to send them, and they came in such parcels that she now says she does not want any more.

Dodging the Railway Tax.

Of course, everyone will talk of escaping the travelling tax by getting out at intermediate stations on a journey and getting fresh tickets. I know where that is actually done in London. The fare from Hither Green to London Bridge is 5d. By booking to New Cross—an intermediate station—and getting a fresh ticket there, the actual cost is 4d. And the railway is the South-Eastern and Chatham!

Realism.

The pageant-tableau, "Through Toil to Victory," by Louis N. Parker, Miss Olga Nethersole tells me, will be a wonderful sight at the special matinee at Drury Lane on April 14, which is to gather funds for the care of women war workers. The tableau is to help people to realise how wide and how varied women's war work is. By the way, I am told that the women who take part in it will all be munition workers, and when they leave the theatre it will be to go to their twelve-hour night shift at the factories.

Too Good To Be Missed.

When our "Tommy's" get to Potsdam one of them will certainly hit upon the idea of labelling the Kaiser's Throne Room the Throne Out Room.

Back from Serbia.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience—which included the Crown Prince of Serbia—at the St. James's when Mrs. St. Clair Stobart recounted some of her experiences with the Red Cross in Serbia. Mrs. Stobart is an admirable lecturer, and there were moments of tense excitement when she described the terrible sufferings of the heroic Serbian Army.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

A Tribute to the Army.

She drew a vivid picture of the evacuation of the Serbian towns and villages. No sentence in her lecture was more loudly cheered than that in which she spoke of the fine chivalry and restraint of the soldiers during this enforced retreat. "I never saw a single soldier say or do anything," she said, "that could give offence to the most fastidious girl."

Cameos in Fashion.

Good cameos, I am told, are again in fashion, possibly because of the Victorian revival in dress. The exclusive curio dealers tell me they have had quite a run on these ornaments of late. Some can have a photograph inserted in the back under glass. Fine cameos are often now arranged to be worn as lockets attached to a piece of black ribbon velvet.

Appropriate.

It was a happy idea to make the little cases which ladies now carry resemble a Prayer-book. You can always reckon on finding thirty-nine articles in them—generally more.

Raid on Tax Shirkers.

I hear that strong steps are being taken to hunt out the income tax dodgers. Special attention is being paid to men whose business may not require exact books. I hear that up in the North several substantial hauls have already been made, and heavy penalties have had to be paid. THE RAMBLER.

They keep you young!
It's one thing to read about "Wood-Milnes"—it's vastly better to wear them!

You'll be surprised how they help to keep the wrinkles from your brow, the "tiredness" from your eyes, the ache from your limbs.

Wood-Milne

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS

"Wood-Milnes" bring you fresh and cheery right to close of day; the old fatigue, the "want-to-flop-down-anywhere" sensation are soon things of the past.

"Wood-Milnes" are sold in many sizes and in Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. It's best to let your bootman fix them.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

"Wood-Milne" Motor Tyres are the strongest pneumatic tyre made.

R 262

TO-DAY'S "LINCOLN."

Starters and Jockeys for Lingfield Substitute—Chocking's Wind-Up.

The last steeplechase meeting of the season was wound up at Hawthorn Hill yesterday. This afternoon we shall see the real opening of the flat-racing year at Lingfield Park and a substitute for the Lincoln Handicap.

Training operations have been considerably interfered with by the severe weather of the past month, but although few of the runners are likely to be thoroughly fit there will be a big field, as the following list of probable starters and jockeys shows:—

My Ronald, 4-6-6 Martin
Young Pegasus, 6-8-6 Rickaby
King Priam, 4-6-6 Trigg
Mount William, 5-7-1 Whalley
Dan Russell, 5-7-9 Peter the Hermit, 5-7-9
Lord Anandale, 6-7-9 Cooper
Gay Lally, 5-7-9 Sandmole, 4-7-3
Sunderland, 4-7-3 Clap Gate, 5-7-9
Clap Gate are the popular favourites, but there are others I prefer to this pair. Lord Anandale is considerably fancied by his trainer, and so is Mount William, who was unlucky in the Cambridgeshire last season. Of the pair I have a slight preference for Mount William. Mackerels again faced badly at Hawthorn Hill yesterday, and eleven favourites of the reel had been beaten at the meeting before Yellow Chat won the Reading Steeplechase.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

1.6—STRONG BOY. 2.35—MOUNT WILLIAM.
1.30—PINKIEBELL. 1.35—CANARD.
1.55—SCOTCH DUKE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

STRONG BOY AND SCOTCH DUKE. BOUVIERE.

HAWTHORN HILL RETURNS.

1.6—Wokingham Chase, 3m.—Lord Rivers (6-1, Mr. Whitaker), 1; Nemo (10-1), 2; Flaxseed (10-1), 3; 7 ran.
1.45—Marlow Hurdle, 2m.—Blind Hakey (5-1, Piggett), 1; Swing (2-1), 2; Linda, Gordon (10-1), 3; 10 ran.
2.15—Holystep Chase, 3m.—Chang (10-1, W. Smith), 1; Grithorse (5-1), 2; Fearful Lys (10-1), 3; 15 ran.
2.45—Acot Hurdle, 2m.—Shacabab (10-1, Earl), 1; Santa Bellis (8-1), 2; Dabber (6-1), 3; 10 ran.
3.15—Reading Chase, 2m.—Yellow Chat (4-6, Parfement), 1; Scarlet Button (6-1), 2; White Surrey (4-1), 3; 8 ran.
3.45—Moderate Hurdle, 2m.—Regal (7-2, Hawkins), 1; Wareham (10-1), 2; Rendover (8-1), 3; 9 ran.

LINGFIELD PROGRAMME.

1.6—VICTORIA H'CAP, 100 sows: 11m.
Redwood, 4-6-6 10
Irish Chief, 5-8-11 11
Early Hope, 5-8-11 11
St. Gluvias, 5-8-11 11
2.45—Woolfhampton, 100 sows: 11m.
a John Chinaman, 6-8-0 10
a Contino, 4-7-13 13
a Annetto, 5-12 12
a Sandwort, 7-12 12
a Bagtime King, 7-11 11
a Angus, 5-11 11
3.30—TRIAL SELLING PLATE, 150 sows: 7E.
a Highway, 4-6-10 10
a Muthph, 5-7-7 7
a Gold Vein, 6-9-3 9
a Pinkiebell, 6-9-3 9
a Mofat, 6-9-3 9
a Curvet, 6-9-3 9
a Bentley, 6-9-3 9
a Minster Bell, 6-9-3 9
a Que Sera, 6-9-3 9
a Maflet, 6-9-3 9
a Talana Hill, 6-9-3 9
a Mena, 6-9-3 9
a Sir Raymond, 6-9-0 0
a Streamer, 6-9-0 0
a Diplomat, 4-8-13 13

NEWS ITEMS.

Kent Explosion Victims Buried.

The funerals of a number of victims of the Kent powder disaster took place yesterday, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating.

Mr. Hughes Cannot Go to Paris.

Mr. Hughes cannot attend the Allies' Conference in Paris, said Mr. Asquith yesterday, as he would be obliged to return before that date.

CLERK (Lady) required immediately in "Daily Mirror" Office. Must be smart at figures and ledger work; also typist.—Apply personally, between 2 and 4 p.m., to the Accountant, 23-25, Boulevard-street, E.C.

Coal Discovery in Egypt.

A report that coal has been discovered at Edfu, in Upper Egypt, is being investigated by Government geologists, says a Central News message.

1.55—SURREY SELLING PLATE, 100 sows: 5E.
a Nansen, 4-9-7 7
a Highwayside, 4-9-7 7
a Vared, 4-9-7 7
a Ronable, 5-9-7 7
a Mackerel, 4-9-7 7
a Mediator, 4-9-7 7
a Punt, 4-9-7 7
a Prospector, 6-9-4 4
a The Angel Man, 4-9-4 4
a Chaplain, 4-9-4 4
2.35—LINCOLNFIELD H'CAP, 500 sows: 1m.
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
a Lincolnfield, 4-9-4 4
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Ven-Yusa is the
perfect of purity
and
refinement.
It is non-grasy.



Ven-Yusa has a
distinct and
definite mission
as part of
a lady's toilet.

DON'T LET WAR-STRAIN SPOIL YOUR COMPLEXION

WAR-STRAIN is bad for the complexion. Anxiety for relatives at the Front, grief for those who have "gone west," and the stress of war-work, all act injuriously on the skin.

Fortunately, ladies have in Ven-Yusa a novel Toilet Cream peculiarly suited to the remedying and prevention of this trouble. Ven-Yusa keeps the skin soft, clear and healthy by means of special oxygen properties which give it a refreshing and beautifying power quite beyond the capacity of ordinary toilet creams.

A few moments night and morning spent in cleansing and softening the face and hands with Ven-Yusa form a splendid barrier against old-age and the evil effects of dust or exposure to the bad weather.

Ven-Yusa brings back the sweet freshness that the skin has been robbed of by anxiety or trying atmospheric conditions. It conveys vitalising oxygen fresh to the pores in a novel way. The result of using it regularly is a feeling of refreshing buoyancy and a skin that retains its natural beauty.

Ven-Yusa imparts a benefit that is felt and seen immediately the Cream is applied. It acts on the surface skin and in the real skin underneath. That is why Ven-Yusa preserves through the most trying times that charm of youth which is reflected in a soft, smooth complexion.

HOW TO AVOID SPRING SKIN TROUBLES.

Springtime is very trying for the skin, and Roughness, Redness, or a "Rashy" state appears with unannounced suddenness. Even winds, too, inflict much disfigurement. Discomfort and unsightliness of appearance can, however, be avoided. Pay attention to your general health, but, above all, devote a little time every day to the care of the skin by using Ven-Yusa. This is the best way to keep the face and hands soft and young-looking.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

BEAUTY
FREE!

D. Mirror 7/16.

A personal test of this novel Oxygen Beautifier will prove its best recommendation. The Proprietors will, therefore, be pleased to forward a free trial jar to every reader who sends this coupon with name and address and two penny stamps (for packing and postage) to C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds.

Sold by Chemists, Hair-dressers, Stores, &c., at 1/- per jar. If your local dealer is out of stock send price direct to C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds, who will forward supplies without extra charge for postage.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.
Continued from page 9.
SCALA—2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR. Due to the war in Belgium and East Prussia, Allied Navies, The Russians, All About ZEPPELINS, etc.
GROSVENOR—At 8.15. MY LADY FRAYLE. Robert Courtine's Production. A New Musical Play. Matinee, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.
STRAUD—To-morrow (Sat.), at 8.15. The New Force. THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS by Stanley Cooke.
VAUDEVILLE—At 8.15. "SAMPLES" New Varieties. H. Graham's Revue. 8.15. MATS. Wed., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.
WYNDHAM'S—At 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. A KISS FOR CINDERELLA by J. M. Barrie.
Gerald du Marier, 11.15. Trevelyan.

HIPPODROME, London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m.
SHIRLEY AND THE KIDNAPERS. KELLOGG.
HARRY TATE, VETTA RIANZA, BERTHAM WALLIS, CHARLIE BRENKLEY, and Some Beauty Chorus.
PALACE—"BRIGABRA" (at 8.35), with GERTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, NELSON KEYS, EDWARD CLARA, GILLYN A. SIMON, GILBERT, GINA PALEME. Varieties at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT., at 8.15.
PATHELUM—2.30, 6.10 and 9. Miss RUTH VINCENT. Miss CLARICE MAYNE and "TAT" HARRY WELLS. JACK KORNWORTH, GERTIE MILLAR, GEORGE MOZART, JAY LAURIE, T. E. DUNVILLE, etc.
DAILY MAIL ART SERVICE EXHIBITION.
PRINCES SKATING CLUB, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, on behalf of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John. DAILY to APRIL 8th, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Admission, To-day, 1/-; 2 p.m. to 5 p.m., 2/-; 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., 3/-; 5 to 9 p.m., 6d.

MASKELINE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.—A NIGHT OF MAGIC FOR THE LILLIPUTS. At 5 and 8. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. Phone 1545 Mayfair.

Wonderful London : By Mr. Bottomley, in the "Sunday Pictorial"

PAGES of Exclusive War
Photographs in the
"Sunday Pictorial." : : :

The Daily Mirror

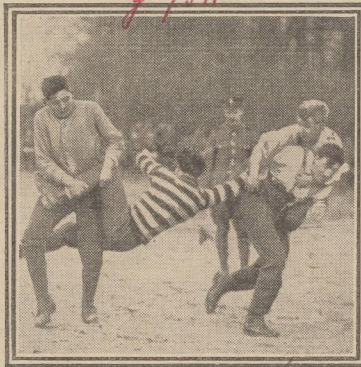
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AEROPLANE Relief Force
for Kut : By Laurence
Hall, in "Sunday Pictorial."

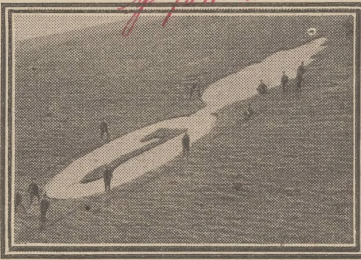
REGIMENTAL BADGE THAT CAN'T BE MISSED.



The Kaiser and Tirpitz in the revue.



Mounted wrestling at the gymkhana.



The regiment's badge cut on the hillside.

The first anniversary of the formation of the 37th Battalion of the London Regiment was celebrated by a gymkhana and a revue entitled "(B) Army Duff," in which Mr. H. A. Brown was the Kaiser and Mr. R. J. Ludbrook Tirpitz. The badge can be seen for miles.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A "PASSING SHOW" ENGAGEMENT.



Mr. Basil Hallam, equally well known as Gilbert the Filbert, and Miss Elsie Janis, who are engaged. The bridegroom-elect has temporarily deserted the stage for the Army.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

MR. ASQUITH IN ROME: A VISIT TO THE VATICAN.



Mr. Asquith leaving after his visit to the Pope. That he has exercised at the Vatican greater influence than was ever attained before is the feeling in the political world at Rome.

STUFFED BIRDS AS TRIMMING.



Of the thirty models at a fashion show held at Philadelphia, this one attracted the most attention. The dress is trimmed with stuffed birds—a new fashion which is finding favour in the States.